

### Poetry.

For the Mercury.

#### THE BRIGHT SIDE.

BY ELLEN.

In the future, hope is rising;  
In the evening sky, a star;  
When we deemed the night was darkest,  
It was guiding for the war.  
Toss the cup of reason started,  
Every lip to patriot song,  
Toss the rest of Southern cannon  
Near the Northern hand is strong.  
Thus the hurricane and whirlwind  
Heap the clouds upon the sky,  
Till upon the thirty country,  
Pour the blessings from on high;  
And with faith's prophetic gladness,  
In those thunder clouds, we see  
Rising for the Western nation,  
Wider, truer liberty.  
When the flag went down at Sumter  
Over blackened wall and tower,  
Toss to give a steadfast promise  
Bloodstained, for the future hour,  
That its folds no more should shadow  
Slave-mart, slave-pen, slave-ship, chain;  
Where its stars gave back the sunlight  
Mankind should be free again.  
It is this consumption,  
It is this glorious bright,  
It is this faith's glorious soldiers,  
It is this who wave the light,  
Let it be; who truly love it  
Rather than the bloodstained there  
Than to feel it hang dishonored,  
Savory's scutcheon in the air.  
Let it come, the wild convulsion,  
Let the throning storm roll on,  
Putting slavery from freedom  
Molding patriot hearts to one.  
Let the watchers on the mountains  
See the crimson clouds grow bright,  
And between their heavy foldings  
Break the dawn of clearer light.  
**STAND BY THE FLAG.**  
To the Volunteers of Rhode Island.  
BY H. H. H.

Stumble your own boys; strike home every  
blow;  
And no inch of free soil to the traitorous foe;  
And your father's be firm, be valiant, be brave;  
For freedom and home! strike! the Union  
to save!  
The war cry is sounding, hark! its notes do you  
hear?  
Up! every man who holds liberty dear;  
The flag of our Union! our national pride;  
Insulted by rebels! by traitors defied.  
On arouse ye! arouse ye! rest not night or day!  
On this stain on our flag is in blood washed  
away.  
On the minions of tyranny shall cry quarter!  
enough!  
On Freedom's name conquered shall grapple the  
dust,  
And the Star Spangled Banner unsullied, shall  
still wave  
Over the land of the free, and the home of the  
brave.  
I believe these are Rhode Island sentiments,  
And nobly will be defended when the time of ac-  
tion comes.  
**A NEWPORT BOY.**

### Selected Tale.

#### HOW TOM AND I KEPT HOUSE.

My chum and I had often, in the privacy of our room, wondered how a family of only three persons could make so much work, and why our landlady should, on some particular days, keep on her feet from morning till night. Although we could appreciate the clear coffee, the tender steak, and the light biscuits that were daily placed before us, yet we thought if household devolved upon us, we could perform them in half the time and not make so much fuss about it either, and we had more than once freely expressed our opinion as to the manner with which household affairs should be treated; but the merry twinkle in the eye of our good-natured landlady, and the oft-repeated expression 'a man's work is from sun to sun, but a woman's work is never done,' did not convince us, and old bachelor like, we began to think of a home of our own, where we could have the privilege of trying our hand at the culinary business—provided Mrs. Somebody was willing.  
One evening as we sat down to the table, our landlady informed us that she had been called out of town to a sick friend, and as she expected to be absent a few days she would try and find some one to take charge of the house and its occupants. Tom and I protested against this unnecessary trouble, for was not this the opportunity we had long been wishing for? We were large enough to take care of ourselves, and she need have no fears on our account. After much entreaty on our part, and objecting on the lady's side, consent was at last won for us to act for ourselves, and after showing us the barrels, firkins, and boxes containing the ingredients used in cooking, and delivering the keys of store-room and closets, our landlady bid us good-bye with a wish that we might have a pleasant, as well as a profitable time.  
The anticipated baking of the morrow possessed for us more charm than did ever a box of marbles in our boyhood days. That evening we read all the recipes contained in the cook-book, from making bread to frosting wedding cake, and in our own conceit, thought we were wise enough to do anything. The next morning we made a visit to the closet to see what provisions were left for the day—but alas! were forcibly reminded of the old nursery song—'Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard, &c.'—but instead of finding it bare, we found proof sufficient of a mid-night revel, and we both exclaimed, 'the rats!'  
It was arranged that Tom should kindle the fire and make the coffee, while I mixed bread and laid the table; tying on an apron to keep my dress—no, pants, clean, I went to work; the flour was sifted; but what next; the cook book was consulted; 'a little saleratus, yeast and salt according to your judgment.' 'Tom,' says I, 'what does this mean, salt according to your judgment?' 'Why, don't you know? a cupful of course; I thought you knew how to make bread; and Tom blew into the stove till his face was what might have been called a 'celestial red.' I went to the stove and found the dampers were closed. 'I must say, Tom, that if you are as long kindling a flame in a lady's heart, as you have been in this stove, your future prospects are not flattering. I thought you knew how to make a fire.' My bread had been in the oven about an hour, and although I had looked at it, and turned it round, it looked as flat as when I first put it into the pan. By our united efforts we succeeded in building a roaring fire, and soon the fragrant smell of coffee filled the room. The table was laid, and we were patiently waiting for the bread to bake. 'What on earth are you doing, Tom?' I exclaimed, as I saw him at work upon an old fish skin. 'Why, settling the coffee to be sure, didn't you tell me to put in a fish, and I've put in a half one as yet.' 'Oh dear,' I groaned, 'your ears and generous disposition will be the death of you yet. I said a small piece of fish skin—but perhaps it is better than it looks—salt is good you know.'  
The bread began to look brown and we decided that it was done—brown. While placing it upon the table, I heard a groan and a faint 'come here, Bob,' from the kitchen. Tom had poured hot water upon his hand, and he sat on the floor blowing furiously upon his fingers. 'Soft soap is good, go put your hand into the pot of soap in the cellar.' 'O, murder! murder!' came in tones of agony from the region below, 'soft soap is good for burns is it?' and Tom came up, with tears streaming down his face and the salt brine dripping from his hand. 'Confound this house-keeping, don't you say so, Bob! let us have some breakfast, or the corner will have a case of starvation to investigate.' We sat down to the table, but before we had eaten two mouthfuls of bread or swallowed two swallows of coffee, we came to the conclusion that the waters of the far-famed Salt Lake could not equal our coffee, and if one of the biscuits were hung about a person's neck, it would prove a millstone. We began to analyze the saline subjects

before us, and we unanimously agreed that 'saleratus and salt, according to your own judgment,' was no judgment at all. The striking of the clock warned us that we could investigate no more, and that it was time we were on our way to the office. We compared notes, and found that we had been just three hours preparing our delicious breakfast. (Eleven o'clock found us taking a lunch at Taylor's.) As we had been disappointed in the morning, we were determined to make pies and cake, they were much easier than bread for new beginners. So two hours before the usual time for closing our office we bade adieu to books and documents, and were hurrying home to profit by the experience of the morning meal. We could not but miss the cheerful face, the blazing fire, and well-laid table that always greeted our return from our daily toil, but we soon banished these sad thoughts by vigorously wielding the broom, and in a short time the kitchen looked quite presentable.  
I was to make the pies and cake, and Tom was to run the errands, and make the custard pudding; that was nothing to make, a little milk and a few eggs; who couldn't make a pudding? Putting on a large apron and rolling up my coat sleeves, I prepared for my afternoon's work. First we dropped the curtain for fear we might have inquisitive neighbors. I took a table at one end of the kitchen while Tom took the one in the dining-room, so that we should not interfere with each other. As I stood considering what to put in the pie-crust, besides sugar, eggs, and apples, I heard Tom saying to himself, 'a pint of eggs, and six grains of sugar, spice, then taste.' 'Here, Bob, here's an enigma for you to solve; how in the world shall I weigh a pint of eggs, and count six grains of sugar?' Oh, this is easy enough—use the scales for the eggs, and a microscope for the sugar, and for the spice, I should think ginger and cinnamon would do; I really believe you don't know the first thing about cooking—a pretty husband you would make—don't forget the milk, you will find it in the store-room.'  
A smothered laugh came from the store-room, and a softly whispered, 'look here, Bob.' I tip-toed along, expecting to find a tiger, or a rattlesnake, but what a sight met my eye; there sat a Miss Grimalkin and her interesting family of four, lapping the milk reserved for our pudding. Woman's weapon was in great demand, and a divorce was granted between Mrs. Broom and Mr. Handle, and our biscuit also has tined the exit of the Grimalkin, Jr., (two of whom never again made their appearance) while their affectionate mother made a shining path through a square of glass. As Tom was errand boy, he took a large pitcher and went out for more milk. While he was gone, I amused myself by singing. 'There'll be no more sorrow there,' when to my sorrow, the door bell rang, and, being directly over my head, was the cause of a gymnastic exhibition, which closed with the downfall of China, and with pantomime gestures. I stood amid the ruins, and thought of the confusion of Babel. Ding ding, went the bell, each peal louder than the last. I could not go to the door for I was not dressed to receive callers, but I could peep out of the side curtain and see who had favored me by calling. As I was creeping along, and when almost to the door, I stepped upon my apron, and like a dutiful subject, I obeyed the laws of gravitation, and struck my head with such force that I saw stars without looking for them. I heard a laugh outside, and some one said, 'Oh, I can wait, please put the trunk on the steps.' I groaned both mentally and physically, 'Oh, if Tom would only come,' he could go to the door, for he looked quite decent. Our caller, whoever it might be, was determined to enter. 'Oh! Tom, why don't you come?' and, as if in answer to my wish, I heard a crash down below.  
I ran down stairs and there lay poor Tom on his face, completely deluged with milk—the pitcher broken, and the fragments scattered over the floor—streams of milk running in all directions.  
'I should think you ought to know better than to leave a broomstick across the doorway for a fellow to tumble over; here I've spilt my clothes, cut my nose, and I can't tell you what internal injuries I have sustained, and all through your carelessness. I say this is what you call house-keeping. I must say I am heartily sick of it. You may finish that pudding—I won't touch it.' 'Hush, Tom, don't speak so loud, if you do we are ruined men. We have no time to cry for spilt milk; for we have company on the door steps, and they are determined to gain entrance; there's that confounded bell again; it's no use, I might as well go to the door.'  
I took off my apron, smoothed my hair, washed my hands, and put on my cap, face, while Tom went to his room to make himself whole, leaving footprints by the way, not such as Longfellow would have us leave, to cheer the heart of a forlorn brother, but footsteps that an ambitious brother might see, and, like his predecessor, aspire to tread the milky way.  
I opened the door, and there stood the handsome specimen of humanity, my eyes

over befell. As soon as she looked at me, she burst into a hearty laugh, and when she recovered her breath, a laugh was introduced between every word, as she asked me if Mrs. C. was at home. 'No, Miss, she is not at home, she is out of town,' I stammered. 'She will not be gone long, I suppose, and I can stop until she returns.'  
Visions of broken China, spilt milk, and half baked pies floated before me, and I thought it no sin to tell one of Mrs. Opie's lies. She will probably be gone some time, six weeks I believe.  
'I never knew aunt to stay so long from home, but I must stop at least one night, for it is past tea time, and I cannot return until to-morrow.' What could I do, surely I was born under an unlucky star—before me was the niece, the heiress, of whom I heard such extravagant praises, and what made me feel still more uncomfortable, was the provoking smile that would come whenever she looked at me. I wondered what could be the cause of her merriment. Surely it could not be me, who was called the finest looking young man in town. Something must be done, so I invited the lady in, and excusing myself, went to Tom's room to see if he had survived his downfall. The exclamation that greeted me as I opened the door, was in no way flattering to my pride—'My gracious!!! Bob, you haven't been to the door with that face?' 'Of course I have, and served not only as door tender, but as committee of arrangements, and introduced the lady into the parlor, and am now waiting for you to go down with me and entertain her.'  
'Oh! dear, I shall die; look in the glass, Bob,' and holding on to his sides he slid from his chair to the floor, and rolled over and over with such velocity, that I really thought he had gone crazy. I looked in the glass. O! horrors, what a face presented itself. My head looked as if it had blossomed from the flour barrel, on my forehead were two marks, commonly called beauty spots (but I called them horrid spots) my nose, my beautiful nose, that was the most marked feature of my face—it looked as if it had been dipped in ink.  
'How do you like the looks; don't you think the lady will be charmed?' 'Oh! dear!' and Tom went into a rolling giggle. I made no answer, but made for the door.  
'Where are you going? to complete the fascination? Going to make a clean breast, as well as a clean face of the whole matter?' and while Tom was dressing in his best, I explained matters to our lady visitor, and joined with her in laughing at our mishaps. She insisted on being shown to the scene of the late disaster, and finding resistance useless, I went with her to the regions below. Tom soon came down, and acting as her servants, we soon put things in shape and place. Donning one of her aunt's ample aprons, the little figure flitted from room to room, and soon dispatched the baking. I tended the stove; Tom gathered up the fragments, meanwhile spouting upon the darabillity of Job's patience, had he passed through the trying ordeal of housekeeping, and concluded his meditations by saying, that if he had passed through the trying ordeal he never would have been handed down as a model of patience.  
At the usual hour for tea, we sat down to a table loaded with bread, pies and cake (the custard pudding was not forgotten) as nicely baked as those ever placed before us by our landlady. While enjoying the meal, and laughing over the adventures of the day, who should walk in but our landlady wearing upon her face such an innocent expression, that I, being naturally of a suspicious nature, began to think that she had not been far distant after all, but being also a wise man, I said not a word, but thought a good deal upon the subject. My suspicions were confirmed by the knowing look that passed between aunt and niece. I could not for a long time forgive her for the lesson she had taught me, but when her niece put her little hand in mine, and promised to make my bread during life time, I freely forgave the aunt, and thought that my experience in the line of cooking, was not as unprofitable as it might have been. Tom says that it was my nose that made my fortune, and that perhaps he might have been the lucky one, had it not been for the confounded broomstick. I know not whether my nose was the lady love, but one thing I do know—that I shall never meddle with that 'work which is done,' and to those who are wise in their own conceit, I would say, let them try, and see what they can do; perhaps their experience will coincide with my own.  
One of my biscuits I have reserved in case of war; it might answer the same purpose as a bullet, and until that time arrives, I intend it shall occupy a conspicuous place in my cabinet of curiosities.  
What the world calls avarice is oftentimes no more than compulsory economy, and even a wilful parsimoniousness is better than a wasteful extravagance. A just man being reproached with parsimony, said he would rather enrich his enemies after his death than borrow from his friends in his lifetime.

### Military Dress.

Next to a plentiful supply of proper food, the soldier requires loose, easy clothing. All military foppery should be discarded, and the individual energies be left untrammelled. The best dress that could be assumed by the soldier would consist of shoes, shirt, trousers, and a low, light cap, which was the uniform of the best and most successful soldiers of our time, the men who followed Garibaldi in his last campaign, and overthrew the Bourbon monarchy of Naples, though that monarchy was defended by 120,000 regular troops, who were supposed to form one of the finest armies on earth. Commander Forbes, of the English Navy, who was with the Garibaldians, speaks as follows when he mentions the Junction of the Piedmontese with the conquerors of Sicily and Naples.—'Here the Piedmontese were obliged to abandon the force of shakoes and knapsack, versus kepis and a great coat; tho' exceedingly well built and strong, it was absurd to imagine that they could hope to keep pace with men whose limbs and lungs were encumbered with aught save a flannel shirt and a pair of trousers. Instead of sweltering in a stock, close-fitting tunic, and head-dress which required all their ingenuity to keep in the right place though tied on.—When will it be acknowledged that legs have as much to do with fighting as arms of precision? Here were the Piedmontese Bersaglieri, the type of light troops, dressed and laden in such a way as to prevent them from marching more than twelve miles a day consecutively. Fancy two men struggling with the bayonet, both equally skilful, the one dressed in an unsoldierlike manner, with loose raiment and unfettered limbs, and the other encumbered with a knapsack, the third of a *teste d'abris*, and a tight-fitting suit and shako.—Could there be any doubt as to which would win? Place two such armies in the field against one another, the one marching with ease thirty miles a day, and the other fifteen at the outside, what must be the result? We submit these sensible remarks of an observing, experienced, and intelligent military man to the consideration of those gentlemen who are raising companies, battalions, or regiments, as the case may be. What Mr. Forbes says agrees with the results of the Italian wars' operations, in which that splendid military machine, the Austrian army, was torn to pieces by the active soldiers of France and Italy, and the French and the Italians were not half so lightly equipped as they might have been, or as they probably will be in the next war they may have. So it was in India, when the Sepoys were subdued. The English soldiers soon got rid of all those nice, beautiful and much admired instruments of torture that go to the making up of what is known as a uniform. No—the English knew better than to embarrass themselves with their dress, and their appearance in India would have much astonished those ladies and gentlemen whose knowledge of the soldier is derived from assisting at reviews. The Highlanders, who are among the best men in the world at fighting, particularly when close work is to be done, used nearly to strip themselves when they went into action.—Sailors throw off much of their clothing when engaged. But too many men in authority look upon soldiers much as did the late Grand Duke Constantine, when he was Viceroy of Poland. He had a splendid army, and in reply to an eminent foreigner, who congratulated him on his ability to bring such a force into the field. 'Oh, I hate war!' he said. 'Why?' asked his visitor. 'Because it spoils soldiers. It makes them dirty, breaks up their drill, banishes their discipline, and destroys their dress.' The soldier's business is to fight, not to parade merely, and he should be so clothed as to be made a good combatant, and not so as simply to please the eyes of ladies and martinetts.  
**Boston Traveller.**

### A Beautiful Picture.

The man who stands upon his own soil—who feels that by the laws of the land where he lives—by the laws of the civilized nations—he is the rightful and the exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed by any other source.—He feels, other things being equal, more strongly than another, the character of a man who is the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through heavens, a part of his—his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before him moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their last footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every inclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadows. Through the fields lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from his windows the Sabbath bell which called his fathers to the house of God; near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children. These are feelings of the owners of the soil.—Words cannot paint them; gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life-springs of a fresh, healthy, and generous national character.—Edward Everett.

### Curiosities of Nature.

Among the papers published in costly style by the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, is one on the microscopic plants and animals which live on and in the human body. It describes quite a number of insects. The animal which produces the disease called itch, is illustrated by an engraving half an inch in diameter, which shows not only the ugly little fellow's body and legs, but his very toes, although the animal himself is entirely invisible to the naked eye.  
When Lieut. Berryman was sounding the ocean preparatory to laying the Atlantic telegraph, the quill at the end of the sounding line brought up mud, which, on being dried, became a powder so fine that on rubbing it between the thumb and finger it disappeared in the crevices of the skin. On placing this dust under a microscope, it was discovered to consist of millions of perfect shells, each of which had a living animal.  
**Private Business.**—A few nights back a small party of ladies and gentlemen were laughing over the supposed awkwardness attending a declaration of love, when a gentleman remarked that if he ever offered himself he would do it in a collected and business like manner. 'For instance,' he continued, addressing a lady present, 'Miss S—, I have been two years looking for a wife. I am in receipt of about a thousand dollars a year from my business, which is daily on increase. Of all the ladies of my acquaintance, I admire you the most; indeed, I love you, and would gladly make you my wife.' 'You flatter me by your preference,' good humoredly replied Miss S—, to the surprise of all present: 'I refer you to my father.' 'Bravo!' exclaimed the gentlemen. 'Well, I declare,' said the ladies in a chorus. 'The lady and gentleman, good reader, were married soon after. Wasn't that a modest way of coming to the point, and a lady-like method of taking a man at his word?'  
**Now and Then.**—Living was cheap enough in the olden time. Socrates is supposed to have lived upon an income of seventy-five dollars; but he lived worse than a slave. His coat was shabby, and he wore the same garment both winter and summer; he went barefooted; his chief food was bread and water; and as he entered into no business to mend his estate or income, it is not wonderful that his wife scolded. Demosthenes, his sister and their mother, paid \$105 a year, and provided the house into the bargain.  
**'Look here.'** said an individual, the other day, to a person of rather delicate organization. 'If you don't take care of your health you will go into the box; you haven't got much of a constitution.' 'I never liked my constitution,' was the reply, 'and if it gets any worse, I'll secede and live on my muscle.'  
A man whom Dr. Johnson once reproved for following a useless and demoralizing business, said:  
'You know, doctor, that I must live.'  
The brave old hater of everything mean and hateful, coolly replied that he did not see the least necessity for that.

### Memoir of Rhode-Island.

1778.

In the night, the camp before Newport was broken up in great silence, and the army retired unobserved towards the works on the north end of the island.—The rear was covered by colonels Livingston and Laurens, who commanded light parties on both the east and west road.  
Very early in the morning the retreat was discovered by the enemy, who immediately followed in two columns, and were engaged on each road, about seven o'clock in the morning, by Livingston and Laurens, who were occasionally re-enforced, but were directed to retreat slowly, and in order, to the fortified camp now occupied by the army. These orders were executed with great judgment and the action was kept up with great skill and spirit until the enemy were brought into the neighborhood of the main body of the Americans, who were drawn up in order of battle on the ground of their encampment. The light troops were then directed to fall back. The British formed on Quaker hill, a very strong piece of ground, something more than a mile in front of the American line.  
Sullivan's rear was covered by strong works, and in his front, somewhat to the right, was a redoubt. In this position the two armies cannonaded each other for some time, and several skirmishes continued to take place in front of both lines, until about two o'clock, when the enemy advanced in force, attempted to turn the right flank, and made demonstrations of an intention to dislodge General Greene, who commanded the right wing, from the redoubts in its front.  
Four regular regiments were moved forward to meet them, but these not being strong enough to check them, General Greene advanced with two other regiments of Continental troops, and Lovell's brigade of militia, and the action for a short time was very warm. Colonel Livingston's regiment was ordered by Sullivan to reinforce the right, and after a very sharp engagement for about half an hour, the enemy gave way and retreated to Quaker Hill, where they had first formed. The cannonade was renewed, and kept up with some slight skirmishes of small parties until night.  
In the accounts given of this action both by Sullivan and Greene, the American troops are said to have shown great firmness, and to have moved in the face of the enemy with the coolness and regularity of veterans. Very particular praise was bestowed on Colonel Livingston, and Lieut. Colonel Laurens, especially on the latter. He was declared by Greene to have displayed, in an eminent degree, the talents of a partisan, and of a General. Colonel Jackson, Lieutenant Colonel Livingston, Lieutenant Colonel Fleury, and Major Talbot, were also particularly mentioned.  
According to the return of General Sullivan, his loss in killed, wounded, and missing, was two hundred and eleven. Among the slain, were four subaltern officers, and among the wounded, one captain, and eight subalterns. The loss of the enemy was supposed to be more considerable. The return of General Pigot, who, as usual in such cases, claimed the advantage, states it at two hundred and sixty.  
The next day, a cannonade was kept up by both armies, but neither thought proper to attack the other. The British were waiting for a strong re-enforcement which they expected, and Sullivan had at length determined to withdraw his troops from the island.  
Intelligence had been given some few days before by the commander-in-chief, of several transports being in the Sound, and of a body of the enemy having passed over to Long Island. He had at the same time suggested to Sullivan, the necessity of securing his retreat from Rhode Island, should such a measure become necessary. A letter was now received, giving him certain information that a large body of troops had sailed, most probably for the relief of Newport; and, without ordering him to retreat to the continent, a very decided opinion was manifested that such a movement had become proper.  
Very fortunately, the re-enforcement, which consisted of four thousand men commanded by Sir Henry Clinton in person, was delayed by adverse winds, until the letter from General Washington giving notice of its having sailed, was received.—The resolution to evacuate the island was immediately formed.  
Throughout the day, Sullivan, with considerable address, continued to take those measures, by strengthening his works, and posting his troops, which were calculated to produce an impression of his being determined to maintain his ground. About six in the afternoon, his orders to prepare for a retreat were given, and his measures were so judiciously taken, that his whole army crossed over, and had disembarked on the continent, about Tiverton, by two o'clock in the morning, without having created in the enemy the slightest suspicion that he had contemplated the movement which was now completed. The troops were stationed along the coast from Tiverton to Providence.



New York, Jan. 13. - The New York Zouaves in Washington, D. C., have been ordered to leave the city by the War Department. The Zouaves, a regiment of French soldiers, were ordered to leave the city by the War Department. The Zouaves, a regiment of French soldiers, were ordered to leave the city by the War Department.

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WEEKLY ALMANAC.

Day	Jan. 13	Jan. 14	Jan. 15	Jan. 16	Jan. 17	Jan. 18	Jan. 19	Jan. 20	Jan. 21	Jan. 22	Jan. 23	Jan. 24	Jan. 25	Jan. 26	Jan. 27	Jan. 28	Jan. 29	Jan. 30	Jan. 31
Day	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed
1861	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Special Notices.

Paper Hangings.

COTTRELL & BRYER, 89 THAMES ST.

WM. H. SMITH, DENTIST, SWINBURNE'S BLOCK, 129 THAMES STREET.

"BERKELEY INSTITUTE," Corner Church and School Streets.

DISEASES OF WOMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS REOPENED THE STORE OF PAINTS, OILS, AND GLAZES, AND IS OFFERING A LARGE STOCK OF PAINTS, OILS, AND GLAZES, AND IS OFFERING A LARGE STOCK OF PAINTS, OILS, AND GLAZES.

Hold Class Physician Always at Hand.

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NOTICE.

THE MONTHLY MEETING OF THE NEWPORT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, will be held on Saturday evening, May 18, 1861, at the Newport Reading Room on East Town Street.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Table Knives and Forks of the best quality.

COFFEE, Tea, and other articles.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS indebted to the City of Newport for the purchase of property owned by said city, held by said city in trust, or for quit-rent of New Town lots, or otherwise, are requested to produce their last receipts, and make immediate payment to the undersigned. Prompt compliance with this request is necessary to the municipal year.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

H. H. YOUNG'S Wholesale and Retail GROCERY.

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AP PARLOR CARPETS—Crossly's im-  
ported Brussels Carpet, a very handsome  
article, at 70 cents per yard, for sale at  
WM. C. COZZENS & CO'S.